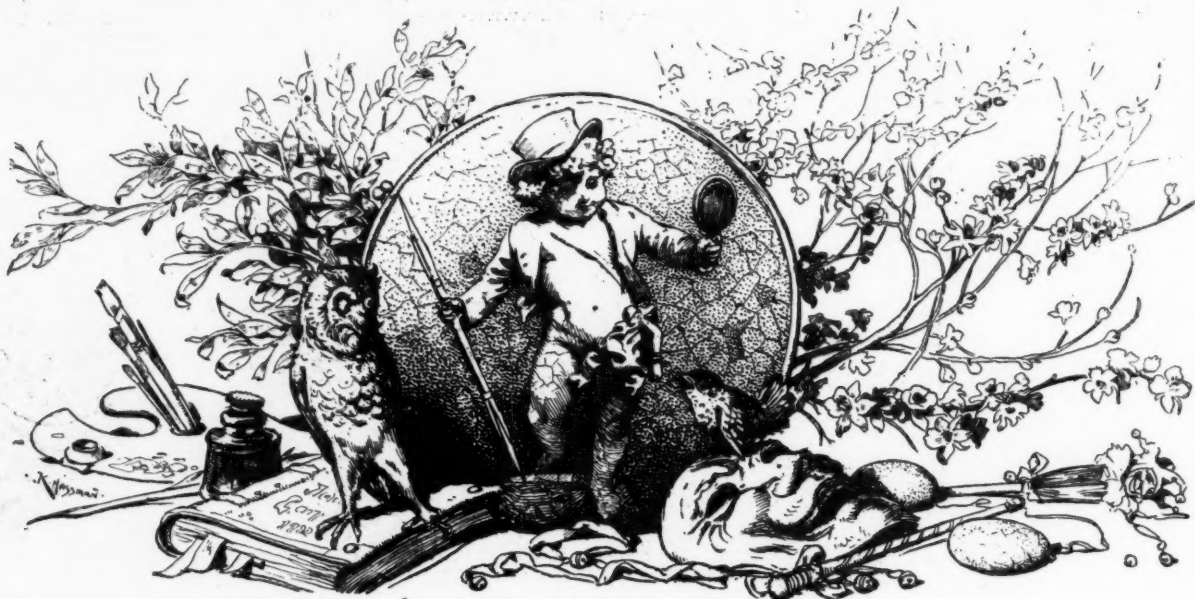




WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME.

THE MAID-IN-THE-AIR (to her Steady).—I think it's awfully mean of Mamma to keep that searchlight on us wherever we fly!



Published by  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.  
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.  
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.  
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK  
No. 1759. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1910.  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

## Cartoons and Comments

### AS A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

WHAT IS sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander—sometimes. There are notable exceptions; as for instance in the case of the striking expressmen of New York city. At this writing, the companies have expressed a willingness to deal with their men on the questions of hours and wages, but up to date they have refused repeatedly to recognize their union. The principle of unionism the express companies evidently regard as a vicious one—that is, when the principle is applied in a union of their employees. Applied to themselves, to a union of the companies, the principle is a wholly different matter. There it loses its vicious features and becomes “a gentlemen’s agreement.” A trust is a union, and a union is a trust, or it hopes to be, and if any one thinks that the express companies of this country do not shape up as a fairly lusty trust or union, let him ask himself what power it is that keeps Congress from authorizing a parcels post, something which nearly every civilized nation but the United States has established? In view of the postal deficit, the subject is a live one. Any delver into its details will not be long in reaching the conclusion that the chief obstacle in the way of a parcels post and a most lucrative source of government revenue is “the gentlemen’s agreement” which lately has made so determined a stand against the vicious principle of unionism.

WHEN the Honorable WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST champions the cause of the “downtrod,” he never does it in a half-

hearted way. He impresses one at once with his sincerity. *Apropos*, his righteous indignation over the working hours in force in the Dix manufacturing plants. “Mr. DIX works his men thirteen hours a day!” cried Mr. HEARST in horror across his editorial page. He left no room for doubt that from the HEARST viewpoint any employer who works his men thirteen hours a day is a tyrant of the most heartless type. The campaign is over and done, and this paragraph is in the nature of a *post mortem*, but drop the subject we cannot until we have said just a few respectful words. In Mr. HEARST’s employ in this and other cities are a large number of newspaper men, reporters and others. How the hearts of these

men must leap with gratitude when they see their chief, vitriol pen in hand, protesting against long, exhausting hours—for the employees of somebody else! Thirteen hours a day is not an unheard-of term of labor for a newspaper man, and besides that he is cheered continually by the thought that if the office orders him, his privilege it is to work twenty hours a day and ask no questions. Sometimes we think of these things as we witness WILLIAM’S indignation.

HAVE YOU noticed any stray sympathy for the express companies since the beginning of the strike? Not a chirp. Public sympathy is a good asset. The companies might have had plenty if most of us had not cherished a grouch against them for some act in connection with the handling of trunks or other express matter. Under the circumstances sympathy is like the dodo—extinct.



GOING TO JERUSALEM.

WHO'S THE NEXT LITTLE TOT TO BE MINUS HIS SEAT?





HER face is flat—expressionless,  
Her eyes are dull and black;  
Vociferously loud, her dress  
Is negligently slack.  
Her attitude is wooden and  
Devoid of any grace;  
Yet, though you may not understand,  
I long to see her face.

My every impulse toward her goes—  
To see her how I yearn!  
Those lifeless eyes, that crooked nose,  
To view I fairly burn!  
Think not I am a silly pill,  
O'er homely girls to mush—  
If I should draw the Queen I'd fill  
A lovely royal flush!

N. Salisbury.

#### CONVERSATIONAL COMMENT.



CONVERSATION is the exchange of our own *bon mots*, epigrams, scintillating sallies, and gems of thought for the common-places, tritenesses, tiresome platitudes, and insipid trivialities of others.

If uttered in a club window or at the sewing-circle, with strict injunction that the scandalous matter go no further, the conversation is termed gossip. Mingled with polite French and sledge-hammer puns it is called repartee. With the bad grammar and profanity cut out for publication, it is known as an interview. If the principals are from fifty to five thousand miles apart, with the conversation extending over a period of three years and consisting mainly of the pronoun "I," it is denominated a prizefight. After marriage, conversation becomes one-sided and is called husband-training. The purposes of conversation are to

persuade, inveigle, enchant, distract, flimflam, bluff, butt-in, size-up the weather, save the nation, or make a noise.

Conversation is best induced by a meeting of Rah-Rah friends, by a glimpse of Anna Held orbs, or by mixing the drinks. The best setting is at a round table underneath the palms, at a trousers-patching for the Liberian heathen, or in a bower of mignonette or other flowers to match eyes and hair.

The fine art of conversation is kept alive by the insurance orators, the tonsorial artists, the vendors of subscription literature, the Western town-lot agents, the Suffragette hatpinnists, and our Ministers to China. Experts in the art are pleased to call themselves conversationalists and entertainers. Some mere listeners, however, employ the word "bore."

Talk is cheap, undoubtedly, but breach-of-promise suits come mighty high.

Stuart B. Stone.

#### A STEP FORWARD.

THE POOR had asked for bread and been duly given a stone; but with that the traditions of the past ceased to govern.

"Ah, we perceive that the stone comes in a sanitary wrapper, and furthermore, if the certificate on the label is to be believed, it has never been touched by anybody's bare hands!" exclaimed the poor with emotion. And as they went on their way they could be heard congratulating themselves in that they had been born in an age so altogether forward.



#### THE AMERICAN WAY.

MICROBE ON APPLE.—Why is yonder man eating in such a tremendous hurry?

MICROBE ON PEAR.—Appointment with his doctor. He is taking treatment for indigestion during his lunch hour, you know!

**T**he man who knows it all does n't seem to know what other people think of him.

THE EXTENUATION.



THAT lawyer—oh yes, he's a shammer,  
A juggler who toys with the law,  
A notable legal flimflammer  
As crooked as ever you saw;  
A slippery person to deal with,  
A fake and adviser of fakes,  
The lawyer some men use to steal with,—  
But look at the money he makes!

That editor—yes, he's a  
traitor  
To all that is best in his  
craft,  
He finds it is easy to cater  
To forces of evil and  
graft;  
His views are conveniently  
sorted  
To fit any side that he  
takes,  
His news is all warped and  
distorted,—  
But look at the money  
he makes!

The financier—yes, he is cruel,  
He crushes and tramples  
ahead,  
He'd rob the poor child of  
its gruel,  
He'd rob the sick man of  
his bed;  
No thought of their suffering  
matters,  
No thought of the hearts  
that he breaks,  
The lives of the thousands he  
shatters,—  
But look at the money he  
makes!

That "statesman," you say, is a grafter,  
That doctor is only a quack,  
The district-attorney is after  
The broker who "made such a stack."  
It's true that they should be arrested  
And jailed for humanity's sake,  
All crooks should be greatly detested,—  
But look at the money they make!

Berton Braley.

DYSPEPSIA.

(Article by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in Almost Any Magazine.)

**A**CCORDING to the English, we Americans are dyspeptic. They have said it till we believe it. Englishmen are little dried-up hypochondriacs without any stomachs or digestions or horse-sense, and they are therefore prejudiced and unaccountable liars. We are a strong, hearty race, but we have one fault: We believe in the foolish old fallacy that we have dyspepsia. We mollycoddle our stomachs because of a foolish superstition.

Modern science, aided by a modicum of magazine ethics, can tell us that there is no such thing as indigestion. It not only can, but it hereby does. One example will convince the most ignorant pinhead. Here it is:

Grandmothers and cartoonists have made us believe that large quantities of Welsh rabbit, eaten just before retiring, will cause bad dreams. Piffle! What are dreams? Hallucinations. The events



DOMESTIC LIFE IN AFRICA.

NURSE O'RANGOTANG TAKES BABY BOA FOR A RIDE IN HIS HOSE-CART.



THE RIGHT TEXT.

RURAL BYSTANDER.—That's a golrammed fine machine, ain't it, t' play such a trick on a feller!

THE GENTLEMAN BENEATH.—Don't knock, please. Boost!

in dreams are wholly imaginary. Any child knows that. Therefore, when we say that Welsh rabbits cause bad dreams we merely say that Welsh rabbits cause nothing. That is, they have no effect whatever. Here we have a syllogistic *reductio ad absurdum*.

And so with all the rest of the nonsense about eating. Eat everything at all times. It can't possibly do you any good.

E. M. Robinson.

RECOGNITION.

**T**HE Gods had seen fit to create the Centaur, half man and half horse.

"But the eternal feminine—is it to have no recognition?" demanded the Goddesses with a sudden access of sex consciousness.

"By all means—let a number of centaurs be half woman and half clothes-horse!" rejoined Zeus.

This sally elicited much laughter, it being already the common report that a woman was about half clothes-horse anyway.

CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.

**B**EFORE I went to burlesque shows  
It puzzled me somehow  
Why each girl wore a flimsy gown—  
But I see through it now.

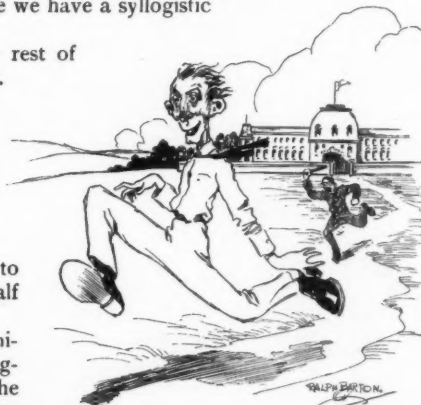
AROMATIC SPIRITS.

**M**RS. TARR.—Sistah Lobstock has jest got a divo'ce funi her husband.

**M**RS. WOMBAT.—Don' say? How much ammonia did de cou't done grant her?

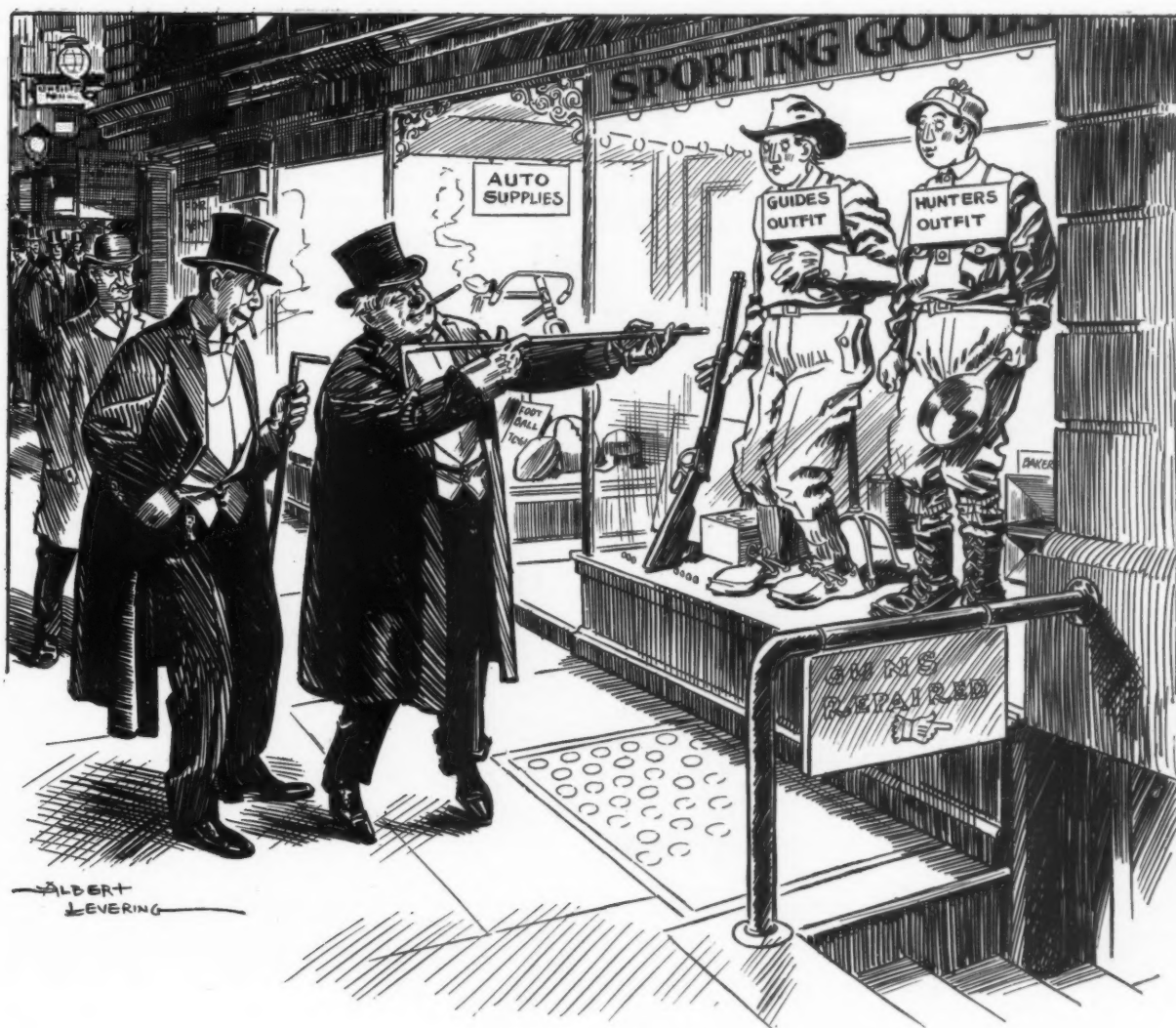
PERNICIOUS ACTIVITY.

**M**ADGE.—I hear that Charlie is an awful spendthrift.  
**M**ARJORIE.—I should say he was. He's trying to make two wild oats grow where only one grew before.



A NUT AND A BOLT.





A NATURAL MISTAKE.

PERCY (just back from the Adirondacks).—Gee, Bertie! What—hic—things we see when we have n't got our guns!



STRICTLY BUSINESS.

"M-R-RAUM!" solemnly began a mossgrown but eminently astute Arkansas Justice of the Peace, addressing a young couple who had appeared before him with the intention of embarking on the stormy sea of matrimony. "Do you, Loretta Mae Sawney, take this man, John S. Johnson, to be your lawful—speaking of 'lawful,' if the little matter of a divorce should come up at any time in the future (of course, I don't reckon 't will; but I say if it *should*) just take your troubles to my brother-in-law, Judge Broadhead, over on the south side of the Square. Here's his card; he's also in the real-estate business and fire-insurance profession, as you will notice, and can show you several rare bargains in moderate-priced homes, and write you policies on the same with neatness and dispatch.

"And, do you, John, take this woman, Loretta Mae, for better or for worse, no matter what the future may bring forth—in which connection let me just men-



"Take your troubles to my brother-in-law."

tion that George Sellers, my nephew, has the best stock of household furniture, including cradles, in the county, and my other nephew, Dr. Clarence Coffin, always presents a neatly-engraved silver mug to each and every infant he assists in introducing into the world.

"And if so, I now pronounce you man and wife; and say, John, if you want a good swap for that clay-bank horse of yours, just step outside with me a minute, and I'll convince you I've got the very animal you're looking for, while the bride amuses herself by glancing over them magazines on the table there." Tom P. Morgan.

HIS STATUS.

"I UNDERSTAND," remarked the inquisitively-inclined tourist, "that you have a man in this community who boasts of being the father of nineteen children?"

"Well, not exactly," replied the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark. "He just *is*—that's all. He's too lazy to boast about it."

Once in a generation, perhaps, there rises the statesman who knows how to put his foot down, yet never in it.

# PUCK



## PEACE.

SANATORIUM DOCTOR.—So Mrs. Pittsfield was here while I was away?  
NURSE.—Yes sir. She wanted to take her husband home, but he said he preferred to stay here.  
DOCTOR.—I've suspected that case all along; the man is not crazy at all!

## BALLADE OF SOCIAL MAINTENANCE.

THE grocer duns us twice a day,  
The butcher has his grievance too,  
The milkman wants his long-sought pay,  
The landlord's in a dreadful stew;  
The baker seems to have in view  
One end—to dun us early, late;  
But then—what would you have us do?  
One must maintain one's social state!

The back-stair carpet wears away,  
In fact, it's ragged—it's not new.  
Of such we make no great display  
To those who stroll our parlors through;  
Our parlors to the chosen few  
Present an air of riches great,  
To our true plight they give no clue—  
One must maintain one's social state!

In truth, we would not—could not—say  
That we have found enjoyment true  
In this our mode of life; but stay!  
The system on us claps the screw!  
The Wealthy-Wonders lead the crew,  
We scrimp and pinch and imitate—  
What other course can we pursue?  
One must maintain one's social state!

### L'ENVOI.

Around our god Dame Fashion drew  
Her tinsel mantle. Lo! We wait  
Upon our knees to catch the cue—  
One must maintain one's social state!

Chas. C. Jones.



## FOR NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHERS.

I. If you have any lingering idea that you are a gentleman, forget it completely when you go out on an assignment.

II. Get the picture.

III. If the subject is a nice young woman who is very decent to you, make a photo that will cause her to resemble the Hag of Endor.

IV. Get the picture.

V. Where there has been death and horror and grief, be sure to enter as cheerfully as possible, smoking a cigarette, and airily throwing aside any of the bereaved who may be at all in your way.

VI. Get the picture.

VII. If you can thrust your camera in the face of the woman who has begged you, with tears, not to photograph her, and get a picture of the tears, the art department will give you a word of praise.

VIII. Get the picture.

IX. In taking photos of mobs, always wait until there are only some small boys present. Nobody ever saw a newspaper picture of a riot that contained anything but boys, and tradition must be upheld.

X. Get the picture.

XI. Photographing an aviator without his cigarette will be reason for immediate discharge. This rule is inviolable.

XII. Get the picture.

XIII. Prominent men should always be taken squinting toward the sun; it adds individuality to the result.

XIV. Get the picture.

XV. In case of failure to get the noted divorcée's picture, snap her maid. The art department will fix it up.

XVI. Get the picture.

XVII. Remember that the office does not care if you do violate all the rules of common decency, politeness, courtesy, humanity, and charity. You're hired to.

XVIII. Get the picture. XIX. GET THE PICTURE. XX. GET THE PICTURE!

Berton Braley.

## INCREDIBLE BRUTALITY.

WILLIS.—Under this year's football rules you can't assist the man with the ball.

GILLIS.—Great Scott! What do they do,—stand around and let him die?



## SOCIETY IN THE MAKING.

THE VAN BULLION CHILDREN PLAYING HORSE-SHOW.

The man who watches the clock in the office is a whole lot more likely to succeed than the man who disregards the clock at night.



## A Modern Argument.

WIFE (to husband who has just come home from the office).—Why did n't you telephone to the express company as I asked you?  
HUSBAND.—Do you think it is entirely fair to put it in that way?  
WIFE.—What way? How do you mean?

HUSBAND.—In the way you put it.

WIFE.—I don't know what you're talking about.

HUSBAND.—I mean is it fair for you to ask a question in the negative, which is



the same as asserting that I did not telephone to the express company when you don't know whether I did or not.

WIFE.—Oh well, what do you want me to say?

HUSBAND.—Instead of saying "Why did n't you telephone the express company?" you should have said "Did you telephone the express company?"

WIFE.—I don't see what difference it makes. Anyway there's nothing to fuss about. If you did n't telephone, you did n't telephone. Now why did n't you? That's what I'm trying to find out. You said you would. If you had said you would n't I would have done it myself.

HUSBAND.—I don't like to argue this way about a small matter.

WIFE.—I'm not arguing.

HUSBAND.—Yes you are.

WIFE.—No I'm not.

HUSBAND.—Then what do you call it?

WIFE.—I don't call it anything. I am just trying to find out whether you telephoned to the express company or not.

HUSBAND.—You go about it in a very funny way, I must say. Now, what I don't like is for you to assume I did n't when you don't know whether I did or not.

WIFE.—Well, he did n't come anyway. That's all I know.

HUSBAND.—That's no proof at all, and you know it!

WIFE.—Proof of what?

HUSBAND.—Of whether I telephoned or not.

WIFE.—Well, did you or did n't you?

HUSBAND.—No, I did not.

WIFE.—I thought not. If you had, you would n't have got so angry. Why did n't you?

HUSBAND.—But you just said I did.

WIFE.—Did what?

HUSBAND.—Get angry.

WIFE.—Of course you got angry, but why did n't you telephone?

HUSBAND.—Because I went to the express office, instead.

WIFE.—Why did n't you say so in the first place?

HUSBAND.—You did n't ask me.

WIFE.—Are you a child that you have to be asked everything in words of one syllable? Now will you please tell me why they did n't?

HUSBAND.—They said that they did deliver the hat.

WIFE.—That's perfectly absurd.

HUSBAND.—But to the wrong address.

WIFE.—Was n't it addressed right?

HUSBAND.—Yes, it was.

WIFE.—Then why did n't he deliver it right?

HUSBAND.—Because the driver read the address wrong.

WIFE.—Do you suppose I'll ever get it?

HUSBAND.—I do.

WIFE.—When?

HUSBAND.—To-morrow.

WIFE.—That's all right. I won't wear it till next week. I must say you are the hardest man to drag anything out of!

HUSBAND.—The trouble with you women is that you don't talk to the point.



HARRY LEWIS

Ellis O. Jones.

## THE NEW ALADDINISM.

"NEW lamps for old!" the Wizard cried;  
And who should hear but Aladdin's bride.

"How nice," she thought, so the story goes,  
"We have one old enough, goodness knows!"

"That lamp of Aladdin's is bent and mean—  
Rusty and dirty, unfit to be seen.

"I'll swop it," she said, "while hubby's  
not here,  
I'll ne'er have another such chance,  
that's clear!"

So she traded the old for a lamp brand-new—  
And sad is the sequel—sad but true.

The lamp she got, though showy and bright,  
Was n't worth two shucks as a magic light.

The lamp she traded, so mean and old,  
Was worth, as you know, its weight in gold.

And Aladdin, poor cuss, had an awful search  
Before he landed it back on its perch.

"New isms for old!" is the cry to-day;  
But before they carry your old away  
Remember the lamps—that's all I say!

A. H. F.



ANYBODY who will "say grace" at any after-theatre supper will attract more attention than an Apache dancer.



## A COMMON SYMPTOM.

BEGGAR.—I have n't the price of a meal, Mister. Honest!  
JONES.—Have n't eh? How much did *your* auto cost?



THE PUCK PRESS

DIVES AND LAZ  
 "FED WITH THE CRUMBS WHICH FALL FROM





VES AND LAZARUS.  
UMBS WHICH FALL FROM THE RICH MAN'S TABLE."



WEEK OF NOVEMBER 21.

Astor, Bway and 45th. "The Girl in the Taxi," with Carter De Haven. Evenings 8:20. A mixture of music and dancing.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Company. Evenings 8:15. In repertoire.

American, 8th Av. and 42d. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings at 8.

Alhambra, 7th Av. and 126th. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Dietrichstein. Evenings 8:30. Americanized version of a German farce.

Broadway, Bway and 41st. "Judy Forgot," with Marie Cahill. Evenings 8:15. Musical Comedy.

Bronx, 150th and Melrose Av. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. "The Commuters," All-Star Cast. Evenings 8:20. A play of suburban life.

City, 14th opp. Irving Pl. "The Echo," with Bessie McCoy. Evenings 8:15. A dancing show with musical interruptions.

Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. "I'll Be Hanged If I Do," with William Collier. Evenings 8:30. From Newport to Nevada.

Casino, Bway and 39th. "He Came from Milwaukee," with Sam Bernard. Evenings 8:15. A musical play with chorus.

Colonial, Bway and 62d. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Daly's, Bway and 30th. "Baby Mine," with Marguerite Clark. Evenings 8:30. A comedy farce.

Empire, Bway and 40th. "Smith," with John Drew. Evenings 8:15. A satire on English social life.

Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," Evenings 8:15. A comedy by George M. Cohan.

Garrick, 35th bet. 5th and 6th Aves. "Raffles," with Kyrle Bellew. Evenings 8:20. An incident in the life of a fascinating crook.

Globe, Bway and 46th. "The Bachelor Belles," with Adeline Genée. Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy with plot.

Garden, Madison Av. and 27th. "The Rosary," Evenings 8:15. Comedy drama of modern life.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. "A Fool there Was," with Robert Hilliard. Evenings 8:15. "A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair."

Hudson, Bway and 44th. "Nobody's Widow," with Blanche Bates. Evenings 8:30. A new comedy by Avery Hopwood.

Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d and 44th. "The International Cup," Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th. "The Girl and the Kaiser," with Lulu Glaser. Evenings 8:15. A comedy operetta.

Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Mother," with Emma Dunn. Evenings 8:30. A play of home life.

Hammerstein's, Bway and 42d. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. Evenings 8:15. In repertoire.

Knickerbocker, Bway and 39th. "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Julia Neilson and Fred Terry. Evenings 8:15. A play of the French Revolution.

Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th. "Electricity," with Marie Doro. Evenings 8:20. A view of socialism by William Gillette.

Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Mme. Troubadour," with Grace La Rue and Van Rensselaer Wheeler. Evenings 8:15. A French musical comedy without chorus.

Majestic, 8th Av. at Park Circle. "The Blue Bird," Evenings 8:30. A fairy play about children for grown-ups.

Among the White Lights.



V.—CONNIE EDISS IN "THE ARCADIAN.".

Manhattan Opera House, 34th St. nr. 8th Av. "Hans the Flute-Player." Evenings 8:15. A comic opera in English.

Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. All-Star Cast. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Madame Sherry," with Lina Abarbanell and Ralph Herz. Evenings 8:15. A musical show.

New York, Bway and 45th. "Naughty Marietta," with Emma Trentini. Evenings 8:10. A comic opera in English.

New Theatre, Cent. Park West, 62d and 63d Sts. "Ysobel," with Bessie Abbott, Pietro Mascagni's new opera, Mascagni conducting. Evenings 8:10.

Nazimova's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "Mr. Freedy and the Countess," with Weedon Grossmith. Evenings 8:20. An English comedy.

Plaza, Columbus Circle. Vale Stock Company. Evenings 8:15. In repertoire.

Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Evenings 8:15. From the novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Wallack's, Bway and 30th. "Getting a Polish," with May Irwin. Evenings 8:15. By Booth Tarkington and H. Leon Wilson.

Weber's, Bway and 29th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Kitty Gordon. Evenings 8:15. A German comedy farce.

L. H.

ALL IN.

TWO schooners, loaded to the decks  
With kegs and casks of XXX,  
Went on the rocks that hidden lay;  
There was no hope for them—for they  
Were alcoholic wrecks.

TIRED OF IT.

AFTER some ages had elapsed, developing all sorts of problems, womenkind approached the Gods with a large package of something or other.

"What have you there?" demanded the Gods sharply, for they suspected a trick.

"It is the sum of genius which our emancipation has enabled us to develop!" replied womenkind.

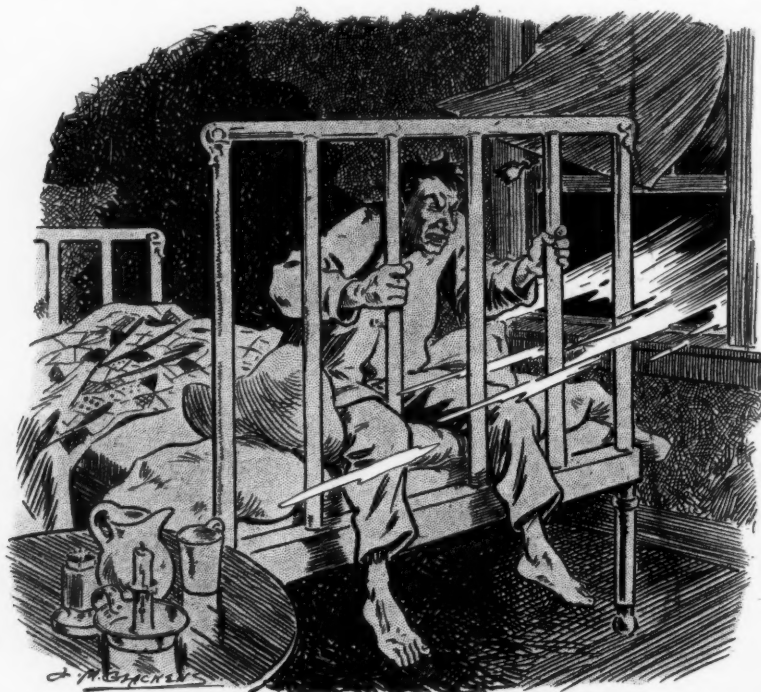
"And what, pray, do you wish to do with it?"

"We wish to trade it off for real charm!"

"Hum! Of course you can't expect to get much real charm in exchange for even so large a quantity of genius."

"Oh no! We shall be satisfied with a very little real charm. In fact, we are so disgusted with genius and its wretched fruits that we shall probably have no more of it in the future, anyway!"

Here womenkind gave their package a vicious little kick to indicate their disappointment and chagrin.



THE REAL THING IN ATMOSPHERE.

THE AVIATOR (during somnambulism).—Gee, but it's chilly! I must be up seven thousand feet easily!





THE SOUL OF MODESTY.

STAGE-MANAGER.—Did n't I give orders for you to appear in tights at this rehearsal?

NEW CHORUS-LADY (in her street clothes).—Tights? I'll have you understand, sir, that I would n't be seen in anything so immodest!

THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

(A la THOMAS HOOD.)

REMEMBER, I remember,  
The field whence I was borne,  
The crowded stands, the shouting mob,  
The raucous auto horn.  
The side-lines running down the field,  
Amain from goal to goal,  
Were thronged with blanketed recruits  
That would each play extol.

I remember, I remember, The flags of varied hue, The death-like stillness in the air Before the whistle blew; And callow youth and winsome maid,— The "Old Grad,"—back again,— The favored minions of the "Press," The "fav'rite colors" men.	I remember, I remember, The tossing of a coin, The oval sailing high in air,— A kick anent the groin; A jab, a gouge, a jolt, a crunch,— A whizzing, whirling roar,— The plaudits of the multi- tude,— A bucketful of gore.
--	--

I remember, I remember,  
A fierce and bloody fray,—  
The surgeons' corps, the ambulance  
That carried me away;  
A broken nose, a splintered arm,  
Two eyes of darkest jet,  
Some fractured ribs, a missing ear,—  
The rest,—oh, I forget!

Louis Ephraim Boyer.

DOUBTFUL SURGERY.

HURRY became at length a malignant growth, causing Civilization no small inconvenience.

"Cut it out!" the cry thereupon went up, for it was like the unthinking mob to seize upon the most obvious expedient.

But wiser heads entertained misgivings. Would Civilization survive so serious an operation?

**Y**oung folks have a whole lot to be grateful for — they can't remember when prices were lower.

CROWDS vary. When three teams are hitched in front of the Lanfronia post-office on Wednesday afternoon everybody says: "My! What a big crowd 's in town to-day!"

CROWDS

On the contrary, three hundred interscholastic football teams all yelling would n't make much difference at six o'clock P.M. on the Brooklyn Bridge.

Seventeen people, including two dogs and three small boys, are a loyal, enthusiastic, cheering multitude if the political meeting they are attending is approved by the paper which writes it up.

On the other hand, a crowd of two thousand at an unorthodox political rally is merely "a handful of dispirited partisans."

When your candidate wins you are glad to learn that an orderly crowd cheered the returns.

But when the other fellow gets there you are pained to read that "a mad and drink-crazed mob patrolled the streets all night insulting pedestrians and breaking windows."

When is a crowd not a crowd? When you are standing up in a street-car. Anybody with eyes can see that the people sitting down might scrooge up a bit and make room for you.

If, however, you are seated, it is plain that the crowd sitting down is about all the traffic can bear.

Let the Devil and the hindmost stand up together.

Keep away from crowds. A crowd has as much sense as a headless chicken. I make that comparison because I know a chicken so dealt with can't resent it.

Keep away from crowds. If you run with crowds you are liable to fall down and be stepped on.

If a crowd chases you, sprint for all you are worth. If they are after you with brick-bats it is n't so bad, but if they want to crown you with laurel you are lost. Perhaps the safest way is to holler "Stop thief!" for all you are worth.

Keep away from crowds. If there were n't crowds there would n't be pickpockets.

Horatio Winslow.



OUTCLASSED.

Apollo was weeping bitterly. "No use," he sobbed, "I can never look as handsome as the young men in the ready-made clothing ads." Angriely he tore up the pages.



A FEW OPEN DATES.

SOPHOMORE.—What are you going to do when you leave college, old chap?

SENIOR.—Well, I have n't decided on anything definite for the first year, except to come back for the class reunion.

# COLGATE'S BARBERS' SHAVING-POWDER



ONLY enough powder for your personal use is shaken out of its dust-proof box. No soap that has touched brush or skin is used again. Always fresh and clean, it gives you your own individual lather for your own private shave. Colgate's Barbers' Shaving-Powder is also as quick as it is sanitary. No time is wasted in making lather in a cup or in rubbing it in with the fingers. You'll enjoy its soft, smooth, comfortable shave. Colgate & Co., Est. 1806, New York

*Talk it over with the man who shaves you*

## VARIATIONS OF LOVE.

Into a telegraph office in an Eastern town there recently came a much-agitated young woman. She wrote upon one telegraph blank, tore it in halves, wrote a second, which she treated in the same manner, and at last a third. This she handed to the operator, requesting, in a trembling voice, that he "hurry it up."

The operator obeyed instructions, and when the young woman had gone he read the two messages she had torn in halves.

The first was: "All is over. I never wish to see you again."

The second read: "Do not write or try to see me at present."

And the third ran: "Can you take the next train? Please answer." —

Lippincott's.



## MIDSHIPMAN EASY.

"At the same time my father receives an English cannon-ball that cuts off both arms, both legs, and throws him in the water. Luckily he knew how to swim!" — *Le Rive.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## A SUCCESSFUL QUEST.

"Well, Bill, how did you come out with the trust company?"

"Fine."

"They accepted your offer, did they?"

"Yep."

"What kind of a job did they give you?"

"Did n't give me any."

"Then how did they accept your proposition?"

"I offered them the refusal of my services, and they accepted — refused 'em right off the handle." — *Harper's Weekly.*

"A MAN ON our side of the river," remarked the Ohio man, "recently emptied a pint bottle of whisky at a single drink, and died from the effects."

"That man, suh," rejoined the Kentucky colonel, "must have been crazy. Any sane man, suh, ought to know there is at least two drinks in a pint bottle of whisky." — *Chicago News.*

## Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative  
Water

Recommended  
by Physicians  
Refuse Substitutes  
Best remedy for

**CONSTIPATION**  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS



Philip Morris  
ORIGINAL  
LONDON Cigarettes

The aristocrats of  
the cigarette world.

Cambridge 25c  
in boxes of ten  
Ambassador 35c  
the after-dinner size  
In Cork and Plain Tips  
"The Little Brown Box"

LITTLE WILLIE.—What is a lawyer, pa?

PA.—A lawyer, my son, is a man who induces two other men to strip for a fight and then runs off with their clothes. — *Chicago News.*

"I NOTICE," said the young man's employer, "that you are always about the first at the office in the mornings."

"Thank you, sir."

"Why do you thank me?"

"For noticing it." — *Record-Herald.*

## THE Keeley Cure

for Liquor and  
Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 31 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
San Francisco, Cal.  
West Haven, Conn.  
Washington, D. C.

Atlanta, Ga.  
Bright, Ill.  
Marion, Ind.  
Lexington, Mass.  
Portland, Me.

Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Manchester, N. H.  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
White Plains, N. Y.  
Columbus, Ohio.

Philadelphia, Pa.  
512 N. Broad St.  
Pittsburg, Pa.  
4216 Fifth Ave.

Providence, R. I.  
Columbia, S. C.  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
London, England.

## The Fire Risk

YOUR risk of loss by fire should be reduced to a minimum by telling your agent that you want a policy in a company that, in a hundred years, has never failed to pay a loss. That company is the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company**. Cut out this coupon, sign your name and send it to the agent or broker who places your insurance. It will be notice to him that when your insurance expires you want him to get you a policy in the **Hartford**.

When my insurance expires, please see that I get a policy in the **HARTFORD**.



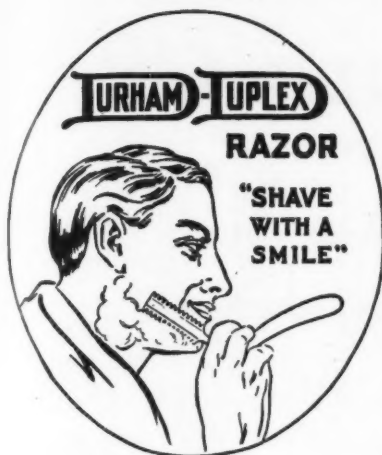
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





**Xmas is Coming**  
"nuf ced"



Send for Booklet Today.  
**Durham Duplex Razor Co.,**  
111 Fifth Ave., New York.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

# White Rock

American Water for  
American People

THE NATIONAL  
DOCTOR.

"Don't misunderstand me, sezee; what I mean is something that is good for what ails you, whatever that is." — *Indianapolis News.*

"WHEN Harold proposed to me," said Maud, "I told him to go and ask papa."

"But you didn't really care for him!" said Minnie.

"Of course not. But I do so love to play little jokes on papa." — *Washington Star.*

## Pears'

Everyone admires a clear complexion. It's an open secret that Pears' Soap has brought the glow of health to millions of fair faces.

Sold in America and every other country.

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS**  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE,**

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street. NEW YORK.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Bookman Street. NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

WAIT A BIT.

GUEST. — Look here! How long am I going to have to wait for that half portion of duck I ordered?

WAITER. — Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck. — *Toledo Blade.*

CALLER. — So your sister and her fiancé are very close-mouthed over their engagement?

LITTLE ETHEL. — Close-mouthed! You ought to see them together! — *Auckland News.*



Just Observe for Yourself — Pronounced Individuality and a Flavor more satisfying than mere words can describe, are Blatz exclusive characteristics — so declare those who really appreciate character and quality in table beer.

# BLATZ

— MILWAUKEE —  
**THE FINEST  
BEER EVER BREWED**

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE  
ASK FOR IT AT THE CLUB, CAFE OR BUFFET  
INSIST ON "BLATZ"  
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED DIRECT

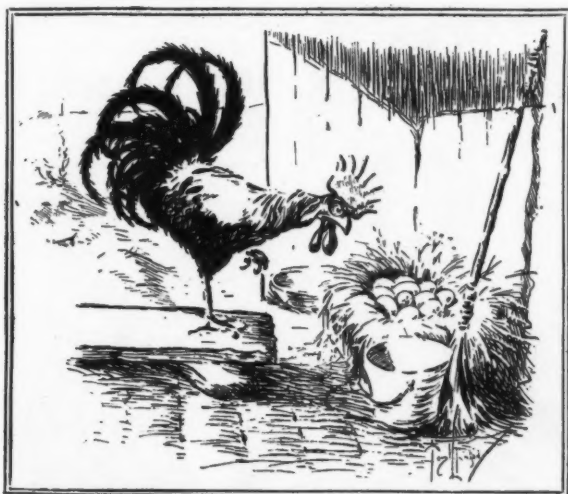
## "I. W. HARPER"

Whiskey

RICH AS CREAM PALATABLE DELICIOUS

"ON EVERY TONGUE."

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INCORPORATED  
LOUISVILLE, KY.



MR. CHANTECLER (after a long and anxious look at a golf ball which has accidentally lodged in hen's nest during her absence). — I'm inclined to consult my solicitor about this! — *Golf Illustrated.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

OVERHEARD ON THE TROLLEY.

"Say, Mayme, did you ever have any turtle soup?" asked a rawboned youth of the girl beside him.

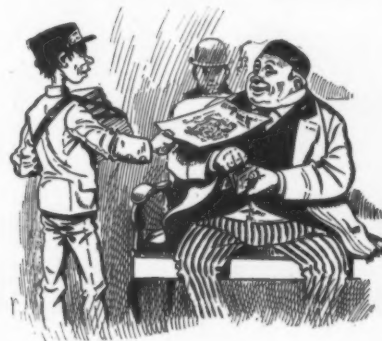
"No," admitted the maiden; "but," added she, with the conscious dignity of one who has not been lacking in social experience and opportunities, "I've been where it was." — *Lippincott's.*

Laugh and Grow Fat!

## Like The Train-Boy

PUCK Pokes Fun at  
Everybody and Every-  
body Enjoys It.

Take PUCK and Laugh!!



SUBSCRIBE FOR

# Puck

The Foremost Humorous Paper of America

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- ☞ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ☞ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ☞ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ☞ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK,  
ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

**Puck**  
NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name.....

Address.....

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Ask for  
Trimble Whiskey  
High Ball  
—The best of all."

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label

SOLE IMPORTERS  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.  
Phila. and New York

ESTABLISHED  
1793  
BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE  
IN 1950.



I.  
"This is a pretty mess!"

SHE.—She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

HE.—The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her.

SHE.—I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you.—*Exchange.*

"Who was that at the door just now, Dick?" asked the young wife.

"A rate-collector, dear," was the husband's reply.

"And what did you say to him, Dick?" continued the wife.

"Remember, Richard, there are ladies present!" broke in the mother-in-law.—*London Opinion.*



II.  
"Hello! This is Precipice 37.  
Please send someone to get me out."

Most Fitting Finale to the  
Festive Feast



Liqueur Pères Chartreux

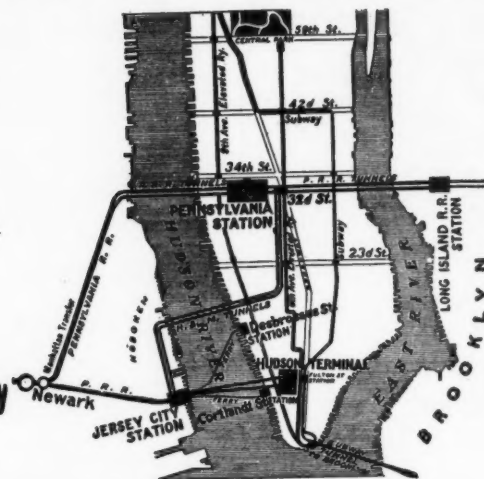
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Serve the Daintiest Last

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bäcker & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

INTO THE HEART  
OF  
New York City

Only  
One  
Block  
from  
Broadway



Center  
of the  
Hotel  
and  
Retail  
District

BEGINNING NOVEMBER 27

TRAINS OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

WILL RUN TO AND FROM THE

PENNSYLVANIA STATION

AT

7th Ave. & 32d St.

Connections will be made at Manhattan Transfer (near Newark) with local trains to downtown stations by way of Jersey City, so that downtown New York passengers may use the Hudson Terminal station of the Hudson & Manhattan Tubes, or the Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets Stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Connections will be made in Pennsylvania Station with trains of the Long Island Railroad to Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.



III.  
"Ah, here we are already!"

THE winning candidate in New Hampshire is Bass and in Pennsylvania Tener. Some day, if the Suffragettes have their way, the sopranos and contraltos will have a show.—*Exchange.*

Caroni Bitters—Its aroma—flavor—will convince you it is the best.  
Oct. C. Blache & Co., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

**Shine'on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keeper's Friend**

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 285 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



IV.  
"Please tell me if I owe anything."  
"Nothing; only we would like to have ten cents for the telephone message."—*Megendorfer Blätter.*



**Underberg**  
The World's Best  
**Bitters**

**The Only Absolutely Beneficial Stimulant**  
giving permanently good results; the easiest step to health and new vitality. Gives an appetite for every meal, with healthy digestion a certainty. That's **UNDERBERG Boonekamp BITTERS**. A promise and a fulfillment. Takes up the wear and tear, the "fag" and worry; feeds the system with a fresh supply of energy. Gives snap and zest to the moment, and makes to-morrow welcome. See that you get the genuine—substitutes are worthless and ineffectual.

Over 7,000,000 bottles have been imported to the United States  
At all Hotels, Clubs, and Restaurants, or by the bottle at Wine Merchants and Grocers.  
Bottled only by H. Underberg Albrecht, Rheinfelden, Germany, since 1846.  
**LUYTIES BROTHERS, Sole Agts., 204 William St., New York**

THE REGULATION BRAND.

"Did you have a good time?" inquired the floor-walker.

"Did I have a good time?" echoed the fluffy-haired girl, who had just returned to her place behind the ribbon counter after a two-weeks' outing.

"Say, it was a regular circus. I got engaged three times."

"Sort of a three-ring circus, eh?" chuckled the party of the floor-walking part.—*Chicago News.*



"HERE!" shouted the railway official, "what do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?"

The porter gasped in astonishment and several travelers pinched themselves to make sure that it was real. Then the official spoke again:

"Don't you see that you're making big dents in this concrete platform?"

—*Exchange.*

**Velvet**  
THE  
SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

What makes a pleasant gift to a man? Velvet. What puts him in good humor and keeps him there? Velvet. It makes a ripping good gift. Velvet is the smoothest, richest piece of Burley tobacco made. It's just the choice leaves of the plant mellowed and cured so perfectly that every particle of flavor is brought to its height. It doesn't burn the tongue simply because it grows without a burn. If you are searching for a good present get a pound can of Velvet from any tobacconist.

**SPAULDING & MERRICK**  
Chicago, Ill.

In handsome pound and half-pound packages with humidors tops. Also in pocket size cans.

**10 cents**



MOTOR FIEND.—Why don't you get out of the way?  
VICTIM.—What! Are you coming back?—*Punch.*

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

## HELLO, BROTHER!

We want you to meet 100,000 good fellows who gather round our "Head Camp" fire once a month and spin yarns about sport with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun.

The **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN** contains 164 pages crammed full of stories, pictures of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will lure you pleasantly away from your everyday work and care to the healthful atmosphere of woods and fields, where you can smell the evergreens, hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small. Every number of this magazine contains valuable information about hunting, fishing, and camping trips, where to go, what to take, etc. All this for 15c. a copy, or with watch fob, \$1.00 a year. We want you to see for yourself what the **National Sportsman** is, and make up this

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER.**  
On receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin we will send you this month's **National Sportsman** and one of our heavy Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c.) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle. Can you beat this?

This month's **National Sportsman**, regular price 15c.  
**National Sportsman Watch Fob**, regular price, 50c., total value, 65c.

**All Yours 25c. for**  
Don't Delay—Send TO-DAY!  
**National Sportsman, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.**

## PUCK PROOFS

PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY KEPPLE & SCHWARZBAUM



**BEFORE THE GAME.** Photogravure in Sepia, 25x19 1/2 in.  
By Stuart Travis. **PRICE ONE DOLLAR.**

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue containing over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

**Address PUCK, New York**  
295-309 Lafayette Street

Trade supplied by Gubelman Publishing Co.,  
17-19 Mechanic Street, Newark, N. J.

## NOT A CLEAN SWEEP.

An American took in Trouville last year. When his bill was sent up he paused in his breakfast and studied it with a sarcastic smile. Then he sent for the hotel clerk.

"See here," he said, "you've made a mistake in this bill."

"Oh no, monsieur! Oh no!" cried the clerk.

"Yes, you have," said the American, and with a sneer he pointed to the total. "I've got more money than that," he said.—*Globe-Democrat.*

## WALTHAM WATCHES ON CREDIT

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS—BIG SPECIALS**  
**FULL JEWELLED \$10.65**  
In Fine 20-Year Gold-filled Case. Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time.

**SENT ON FREE TRIAL, ALL CHARGES PREPAID**  
You do not pay one penny until you have seen and examined this High-Grade, Full Jeweled Waltham Watch, with Patent Hairspring, in any style plain or engraved Case, right in your own hands.

**GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED—\$1 A MONTH.**  
No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income we will trust you for a high-grade adjusted Waltham Watch, in gold case, warranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any railroad inspection. Write for handsome Christmas Catalog.

**LOFTIS**  
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE  
Dept. M 50 92 to 96 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.  
BROS & CO. 1633 Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

## THE BOOK LOVER.

The old parson was endeavoring to do a little missionary work behind the big stone walls.

"What brought you here, my son?" he queried of an inmate.

"I am here, sir, because of my fondness for books," answered No. 2323.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the good man in surprise. "What kind of books, may I ask?"

"Pocketbooks!" briefly answered the other.—*Chicago News.*

THE Department of the Interior says there are still many wealthy Indians in the country. How careless of our attorneys to overlook them.—*Wall Street Journal.*

